

The Washington Times

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THURSDAY, JULY 19, 1917.

Unwise Prohibition Agitation

It Embarrasses the President, and Injures the Cause of Real Temperance.

It is announced that a branch of the Prohibition party proposes, in spite of the President's rebuke, and in disregard of the national emergency, to continue urging its extreme and unwise demands upon Congress.

The MOST IMPORTANT step in the interest of real temperance has been taken ALREADY.

Whiskey, which causes drunkenness, has been put aside. Light wines and beers that promote real temperance wherever they are exclusively used, are encouraged.

Any man, no matter what he may be, Prohibitionist, Anti-Saloon Leaguer, or what not, IS AN ENEMY OF TEMPERANCE if he refuses to give a fair trial to this wise, REAL temperance reform.

To end the brewing of beer would make the workmen of the country dissatisfied, and less efficient, and without even the slightest important saving to foodstuffs.

To forbid the making of light wine would mean to waste the entire grape crop, destroying a great and useful industry.

To forbid the free manufacture and sale of light wines and light beers that mean temperance WOULD MEAN MAKING AND DRINKING OF ILLICIT MOONSHINE WHISKEY CERTAIN—and on a huge scale.

You cannot change men overnight.

You cannot drive them, but you can lead them in the direction of real temperance.

The President, by his wise, tactful intervention, the Senate, acting free of the dictation and threats of fanaticism, have taken a step for real temperance, of which the importance cannot possibly be exaggerated.

It would be a disaster and an outrage if prohibition fanatics, no matter how well meaning, could at this time enforce their theories upon Congress—of which, by the way, not 20 per cent are total abstainers.

It would not be unjust to assume that the individual who refuses acquiescence in the wise and temperate course of Congress and the President is himself a reckless egotist, more interested in his theories or in profit than in the nation's welfare.

Stealing Oats From the Horse's
Feed Bag

The Same Kind of Meanness Is Suggested in Connection
With Government Employer's Pensions.

It is understood that when a horse has passed his working days and given faithful service, you must feed him, or shoot him.

You are not allowed to turn him out to shift for himself. If you decide to keep him alive, you feed him, recognizing that by hard work in his youth he has earned food for his old age.

You do not, while he is young, go to his feed box, every day, take out a handful of oats and say to him, "Mr. Horse, I am taking these oats away from you because I am going to feed you by and by when you are too old to earn any oats. I am saving these oats to give you when you are old."

This story is printed for the benefit of distinguished statesmen who are considering pensions for Government employees and employees of the District of Columbia.

There is talk about giving pensions to those that serve the Government, and a suggestion is made at least as foolish as it would be to suggest that a handful of oats be stolen from the horse every day.

The statesmen say to the Government employees, "Yes, perhaps we shall give you a pension that you may live respectably when you are old. But now, while you are young, we shall take so much every day out of your salary to pay that pension."

That would not be a PENSION, that would simply be taking from the employees of the Government WHAT BELONGS TO THEM.

The fact is, and any man with a just mind is bound to recognize it, that a pension for old age is merely recognition of faithful work done and MONEY EARNED in youth.

It is the duty of Government to set an example to the country as a just employer. We do not say generous, merely JUST.

It is only just to pay a man who works for you in his youth what his services are worth. And it is only just, when he has given you his youth, his life and his energy, to pay him when he is old, a fair pension that will enable him to live.

We urge the statesmen to do justice by the employees of the Government and of the District of Columbia and set an example to employers everywhere in the country.

If this nation can afford hundreds of millions for every nation fighting in Europe, it surely can afford the small sum required to pension its employees decently and justly.

There should be no talk about taking "oats from the feed box" or a few pennies from the daily pay of the worker. He earns ALL his salary. GIVE IT TO HIM.

He earns his pension. SO GIVE HIM HIS PENSION. Who devotes a life to Government service takes poor pay, monotonous work and slight chance of advancement—let it be understood that such a man or woman is entitled to ALL the pay that the Government gives during the working years, and entitled to a fair pension when the working years are past.

The District of Columbia would be benefited by such a

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Elizabeth Jordan Writes on "Nerves"

We were in the office of one of America's best nervous specialists. He was asking the friend I had accompanied what had caused her nervous breakdown.

Had she any organic trouble, so far as she knew, he inquired. No, she told him; her physician had given her a clean bill of health.

"Then you must be worrying about something," the specialist suggested. "What is it?" Work? Some sentimental affair?

My friend vigorously repudiated these tacit charges. She was very happy in her work, she told him, and she had no love affairs.

"The Family Is Always the Last Straw"

The specialist frowned thoughtfully. "Sure you haven't been working too hard?" he asked.

"No, just hard enough," my friend told him. "H-m-m." The specialist studied her—looked in her drooping lips, her tired eyes, her general effect of utter exhaustion.

"There's always some reason for these nervous breakdowns," he said, with wise gravity. "Let's get at it. What unusual circumstance has happened to you lately?"

My friend reflected. "Why, nothing unusual has come up," she told him—"that is, nothing unpleasant. My family has been visiting me this winter, my father, mother and brother."

The specialist interrupted her with a sudden exclamation. "Now, we have it!" he cried. "The family is always the last straw!"

My friend stared at him resentfully. "I don't understand," she said. "Of course you don't. So I'll put it plainly. Your family has been draining the life out of you all winter!"

His patient's pale cheeks flushed with annoyance. "Pardon me," she said stiffly, "but you are quite mistaken. My father, mother, and brother are the most considerate human beings I know. I love them. It was a joy to have them with me."

"You entertained them, didn't you?" demanded the specialist. "Why of course I did!"

"You had them on your mind every blessed minute, didn't you?" "Why—naturally—"

Specialist Hits the Nail on the Head

"You bet you did," said the specialist briskly. "And you were awfully afraid of hurting their feelings in any way, weren't you?"

"Well—I—"

"Your mother is a little sensi-

tive, isn't she? Apt to imagine things, and all that?"

His patient broke into laughter. "How did you know?" she asked.

The specialist looked so self-satisfied that I longed to take him down.

"Because most families are like that," he explained. "It's the same old story. They came to visit you. They knocked your regular routine into a cocked hat. They interfered with your work. They absorbed all your time. They got on your nerves. Neither they nor you realized it, but they did it just the same. They always do," he repeated cheerfully. "Well, are they gone?" He barked the question at her.

"Yes." My friend was looking dazed but impressed. "That's good. Now we can build



MISS ELIZABETH JORDAN.

you up. I'll give you a tonic, but it isn't a case for medicine. Sleep and rest and quiet are all you need. Here's what you must do:

"Cut out all social engagements. Cut out all your friends except the restful ones. Go to bed at 9 o'clock every night. If you can't sleep, read cheerful literature till you can. Keep your windows wide open, but see that your bed is not in a draught. "Spend one day out of every seven in bed. That's our newest remedy, and one of our best. We're

keeping even our big men of affairs in bed, just as much as we can. They've got to rest there. "Eat the simplest kind of food—no meat, plenty of green vegetables, stewed fruit, whole wheat bread, and good butter. Drink milk and vichy, several glasses a day—two-thirds milk to one-third vichy. Drink only one cup of cof-

fee a day, half milk, in the morning. About twice a day swallow the white of an egg, raw. Will you do all that?"

"I will," promised the patient. "If you do, you'll be well in a month. Take a walk every day—not a long one. A mile at first, never more than two miles. Don't go in for sudden and violent physical exercise. That's the first impulse of men and women who are run down. When they follow it, they add the last straw to their physical burdens."

"One of our big 'captains of industry' came to me the other day, half dead. He had sat in an office for ten years. Then he had broken down. Then he began to cut down trees and take ten-mile walks!"

The specialist snorted scornfully. "A child ought to know better than that!" he ended.

I could not resist asking a question. "Doctor," I demanded, "what do you do for nervous patients whose families have not gone away?"

The specialist chuckled. "Taking the Patients Away from the Families"

"I take the patients away from the families," he confessed. "If they can afford it, I send the patients to a sanatorium or to quiet little places where they can be alone. If they can't afford that, I make them hire an extra room somewhere and live in that till they get well. If they can't afford even that, I confine them to their own rooms and I keep the family out of those rooms."

"I have one patient who lived in a room a block from her home for three months. She didn't see the family all that time, but I let her telephone home once a day."

"Don't think I'm down on family ties," he added earnestly. "They're the best things in the world, and we've got to have 'em. They're worth all they take out of us. But by Jove," he ended reflectively, "sometimes they do take it out of us! And the greater the love we have for them and they have for us, the greater the nervous strain."

There was a thoughtful silence while he wrote his prescription. "Here it is," he said. "Merely a little 'nux' vomica as a tonic, mixed with bromide to quiet your nerves. If the bromide brings out a spot or two on your complexion, stop taking it for a few days. You won't need it more than a week or two."

That consultation cost my friend \$25. But it was worth it. She was well in a month. I want the men and women who read The Times to benefit by it, too.

Fair Play For Washington

By DAVID LAWRENCE.

The people of the District of Columbia have a request to make of the War Department.

It is the kind of a request the making of which ought not to be necessary. But circumstances warrant it because the War Department is a busy institution and this matter may be overlooked.

Candidates are applying for admittance to the second Reserve Officers' Training Camp, at Fort Myer, Virginia. Quotas have been assigned from different States. Forty-eight men will be admitted from the District of Columbia, but there are about two hundred and seventy-five applicants. What shall be the basis of choice?

Clearly the United States Army wants the most competent officers it can get and, off-hand, it might be said that only the physically fit who show promise of development as efficient officers should be selected. But why should the men in the District of Columbia be required to compete with newcomers from other parts of the Union, who happen merely to have a temporary residence here?

Some of the newcomers might make better officers individually than some of the natives of Washington, but these men should be assigned to officers' training camps in their home States. One of the main reasons why some of these men are anxious to go to Fort Myer is because it will keep them in touch with social Washington during the period of training. Others want to undergo the minimum inconvenience should they fail to earn commissions. But what an injustice all this imposes upon native born of the District of Columbia! It is bad enough to be deprived of all franchise rights because one happens to have been born in Washington, but it is even more discouraging to find that transients can force out of place the native youth who are zealous to lead troops in the field, but who may not get the chance because selection may be made without regard to the length of time applicants have been residents in the District of Columbia.

Two principles ought to guide the War Department in settling this problem. The man who has a voting residence in some other State in the Union ought not to be allowed to enter the Reserve Officers' Camp as coming from the District of Columbia, whether he is the son of a Congressman, the son of a Cabinet officer, or anyone else.

Such men can find plenty of opportunity in their own home States, because there are several training camps to which they can be assigned, and in selecting the applicants from the District of Columbia preference should be given, all other things being equal, to the men who have lived here the longest. This alone is fair play for Washington.

Tenant versus Landlord

Now that the cost of coal has been reduced and one of the principal reasons for the raising of rents has been removed, it is well to think of the question of repairs. It is not a one-sided affair. When the awning on the back porch is blown away by the gale because it wasn't fastened securely in the first place, the tenant may have a hard time convincing the landlord of the necessity on the part of the latter to make the repairs. Questions like this are cropping up every day. There must be co-operation between tenant and landlord. This is essential to keep down the cost of rent. Since THE WASHINGTON TIMES began to direct attention to the rent question letters have been received from some real estate agents declaring that, speaking for their clients, they have no intention to raise rents as long as it is possible to get by on present incomes.

"If the tenants would be reasonable," writes one man, "and ask for only such repairs as are necessary and take some little interest in the property they occupy, the whole situation would be made much easier."

"But the fact is, many tenants take very little care of the property upon which they dwell. One mother's 'little pet' will cost the landlord hundreds of dollars, and no one dares to stay the hand of Willie. But the trouble is not all with the children. Some tenants can no longer live in a room if the paper is a little faded, and as for taking a screw driver and tightening a door on its hinges, and driving a nail in a loose board, they would no more contemplate it than flying to heaven."

"Of course there are many good tenants, and I believe most tenants are willing to be reasonable if the matter is put up to them squarely, and it is only through mutual co-operation that the rents can be kept down to their present level."

The above letter emphasizes, therefore, what was said at the outset. By giving a little thought to the peculiar difficulties that have arisen with reference to labor shortage, the tenants may be able to spare landlords a good deal of expense. Yet this should not deter tenants who have a legitimate cause for complaint, from insisting that faulty plumbing or dilapidated interiors should be renovated. It is merely that the whole problem should be approached in a spirit of co-operation. That is the spirit of the hour.

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(Continued from First Column.)

system, which would enable men and women that have worked for the nation in their youth, to live in the District respectably and peaceably in their age.

A system of just pensions will encourage the best men and women to enter the Government service, and remain in it loyally.

The Government could not make a better investment for its own service than to announce tomorrow that the hard work that is put on every employe today will be rewarded with a fair pension and that PENSION NOT TAKEN FROM TODAY'S PAYROLL.

This newspaper will work persistently for this pension system, which would be a credit to the Government of the United States, an example to all employers, an assurance of growth and prosperity for the Capital of the Nation, and, above all, a fair recognition of honest service.

LAST WORD TO BUYERS

To shoppers and all buyers in Washington, The Sunday Times says THE LAST WORD.

The last thing read on Sunday evening, the first thing remembered Monday morning by the careful housewife, the thoughtful buyer, is WASHINGTON SUNDAY TIMES ADVERTISEMENTS.

Merchants and other advertisers find the LAST chance and the BEST chance to impress the public buying mind on Sunday, in The Sunday Evening Times—the home paper.